EDITED BY GEO. F. ROOT.

# THE BUGLE-CALL.

$3,00 a Dozen. $22 a Hundred.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CHURCH & CO.

The Union! the Union! the hope of the free!
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
We are marching to the field, boys, we're going.
God save the President, His chosen instrument,
Thou who ordainest for the land's salvation,
Land of the noble free, thy name I love
Long life to Ben. Butler the bravest of men.
A very queer thing is this English neutrality.
What, watchman of the night, that broods so dark
Men of thought and men of action, clear, clear the way!
Home is where there's one to love us, Home is there.
Wake the Harp for the glorious Union band.
Brothers, awake! to the Bugle-Call!
O, wrap the Flag around me, boys.
Where they fell in the deadly fray
The Fine old Union Gentleman
Old Uncle Samuel's Funeral.
Men that battle for the right
Thrice Hail! Happy Day!
Behold the banner o'er us!
Bless the fingers picking lint.
Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Ye patriot men, Unite! Unite!
Skedaddle, I O, go hither and thither.
In camp, or field, or fortress, never forget.
All I am and have I proffer thee, my native land.
Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right.
Stand up for Uncle Sam, for he has stood by you.
Sail on, sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Say, darkeys, hab you seen de Massa?
Oh, Ho! the Copperheads they cried,
Out from our homes and hearth-stones,
What's the matter? See the people turning out
Toll the bell, for the noble brave who calmly sleep
Stand firmly by the President and all will yet be well.
Brave boys are they, Gone at their Country's call.
Lord Lovell the brave defender of New Orleans.
Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent.
Our Soldiers stand upon the field.
There's a good time coming, boys.
Rally round the Flag, Boys.
All for Thee my Native Land.
Flag of the Fearless Free.
The Battle-Cry of Freedom.
My Country 'tis of thee.
Behold! the Banner o'er us.
Men that dare with wrong to fight.
Said Beauregard to Lee and Jeff.
'Twas but little while ago—hm, ha!
What's the cause of this commotion, motion
The Union! the Union! the hope of the free!

Sir Harvey

1883

A - wake the Bu-gle - Call!

# PREFACE.

THIS BOOK is designed for use in all gatherings of loyal people, whether around the camp-fire, or the hearth-stone, whether in the Union meeting, or in the loyal Leagues; wherever the fire of patriotism burns, there may its tones, like the bugle-call, arouse every true heart to a greater love for the Union, and a sterner determination to protect it to the last. Nearly all of the pieces are of a stirring, or cheerful character—some humorous—but all having a purpose which, we believe, will not be misunderstood.

It will be seen that many of the pieces are new, in words or music, or both, and it may be proper here to say, that to re-print them without permission would be an infringement of copyright. Those, the names of which in the index have a star (*) affixed to them, are published in sheet form, with preludes and accompaniments for the pianoforte.

It will be observed that the air or melody is sometimes at the top of the brace, and sometimes next to the base. When the melody is marked "*Soprano*," the piece will sound best with ladies' voices on that part and the alto; but when the melody is marked "*Air*," the piece will sound well with men's voices on all the parts—the alto being taken an octave higher—but nearly all the pieces may be sung by mixed voices.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the friends who have helped me, and to say that the many excellent contributions still remaining that I cannot get in, make me look upon the few pages yet open, but which the printer is remorselessly and rapidly filling up, as the miser looks upon his gold when it "taketh to itself wings." GEO. F. ROOT.

*Chicago, April*, 1863.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

# THE BUGLE-CALL.

*Con Spirito.*

First.

1. Broth-ers, a - wake! to the Bu - gle - Call! Brothers, a - wake to the Bu - gle - Call! Trai - tors lurk on

Second.

2. Broth - ers, a - wake to the Bu - gle - Call! Help the brave men

Base.

3. Strike the foes in

ev - ery hand, Firm - ly now ye pat - riots stand; A - wake to the Bu - - - - - gle - Call!

in the field—Arms of truth and jus - tice wield; A - wake to the Bu - gle - Call!

front and rear, Loy - al hearts must know no fear. A - wake the Bu - gle - Call!

## STAND UP FOR UNCLE SAM, MY BOYS.—Trio and Chorus.

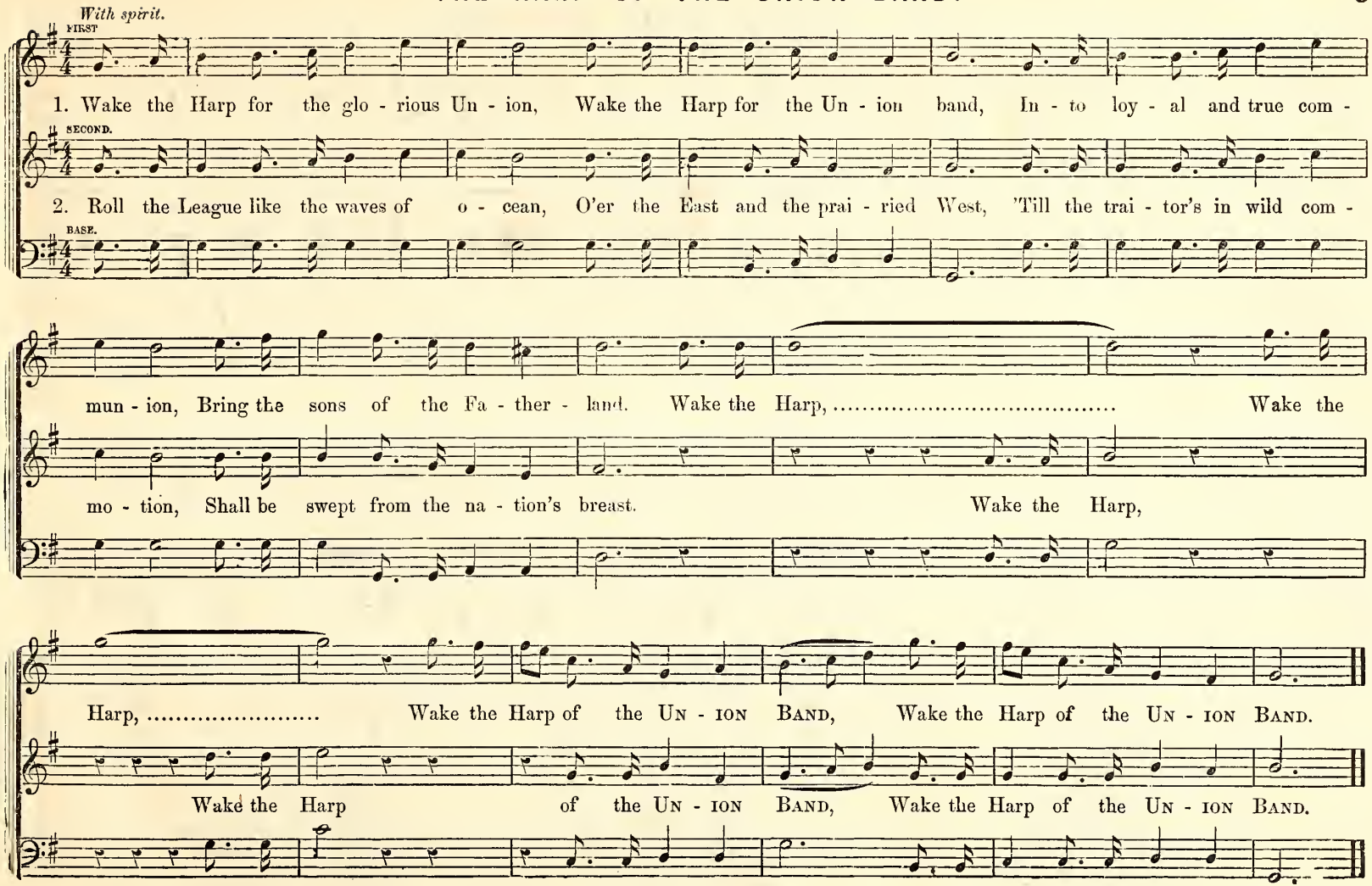
*With energy*

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

1. Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true; Stand Up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you. He's made you homes the brightest The sun e er shone up - on, For hon - or, right and freedom, He's many a bat - tle won.
2. Oh, strike for Un - cle Sam, my boys, For dan - ger is near; Yes! strike for Uncle Sam, my boys, And all to you most dear. Re - bel - lious sons are plotting To lay the homesteads low, Their hands are madly lift - ed To give the fa - tal blow.
3. Oh, fall for Un - cle Sam, my boys, If need be to save; Yes! fall for Un - cle Sam, my boys, Tho' in a sol-dier's grave. His flag, so long our glo - ry, Dis - hon-or'd shall not be But heav'n-ward float forev - er, The ban - ner of the free.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Un-cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true; Stand up for Un-cle Sam. my boys, For he has stood by you.


With spirit.
FIRST
1. Wake the Harp for the glo - rious Un - ion, Wake the Harp for the Un - ion band, In - to loy - al and true com -
SECOND.
2. Roll the League like the waves of o - cean, O'er the East and the prai - ried West, 'Till the trai - tor's in wild com -
BASE.
mun - ion, Bring the sons of the Fa - ther - land. Wake the Harp, ..... Wake the
mo - tion, Shall be swept from the na - tion's breast. Wake the Harp,
Harp, ..... Wake the Harp of the Un - ion Band, Wake the Harp of the Un - ion Band.
Wake the Harp of the Un - ion Band, Wake the Harp of the Un - ion Band.

# THE UNION LEAGUE.—Solo and Chorus.

*Maestoso.*

1. The Un - ion! The Un - ion! The hope of the free, How-e'er we may dif - fer, In this we a - gree, Our glo - ri - ous ban - ner no trai - tor shall mar, By ef - fa - cing a stripe, or de - stroy - ing a star.

2.
The Union! The Union!
'Twas purchased with blood!
Side by side, to secure it,
Our forefathers stood:
From the North to the South,
Thro' the length of the land,
Ran the war-cry which summon'd
That patriot band Division, &c.

3.
The Union! The Union!
Its heavenly light,
Cheers the hearts of the nations
Who grope in the night;
And athwart the wide ocean
Falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country
Where freedom abides. Division, &c.

4.
The Union! The Union!
In God we repose:
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes.
The God of our fathers,
O, still may He be
The strength of the Union,
The hope of the free. Division, &c

Air.

Di - vis - ion? No, nev-er! The Union for - ev - er! And curs'd be the hand That our country would sev-er.

Alto.

Tenor.

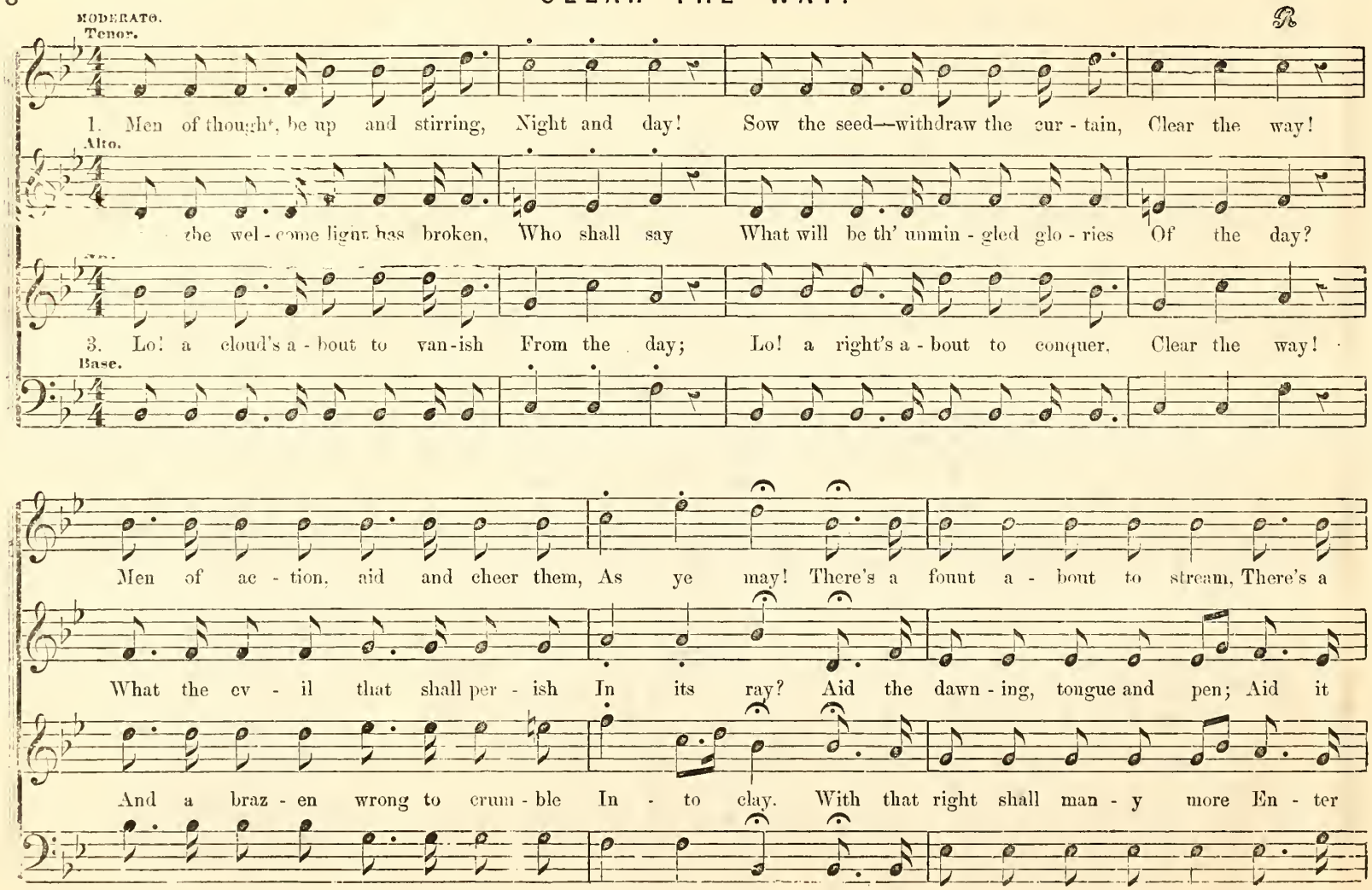
Di - vis - ion? No, nev-er! The Union for - ev - er! And curs'd be the hand That our country would sev-er.

## AMERICA.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.

2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills;
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathes partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.


MODERATO.
Tenor.
1. Men of thought, be up and stirring, Night and day! Sow the seed—withdraw the cur - tain, Clear the way!
Alto.
the wel - come light has broken, Who shall say What will be th' unmin - gled glo - ries Of the day?
3. Lo! a cloud's a - bout to van - ish From the day; Lo! a right's a - bout to conquer, Clear the way!
Base.
Men of ac - tion, aid and cheer them, As ye may! There's a fount a - bout to stream, There's a
What the ev - il that shall per - ish In its ray? Aid the dawn - ing, tongue and pen; Aid it
And a braz - en wrong to crum - ble In - to clay. With that right shall man - y more En - ter

you'll

re, still

CHORUS.

Air.

dim, my hands Would clasp its last bright shred. Then wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, With

Alto.

meet the foe, But I shall not be there. Yet wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, With

Tenor.

hov - 'ring near, A - bove the dear old flag. So wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, With

Freedom's star - ry em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet.

Freedom's star - ry em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet.

**To the tune "America."—Page 5.**

1. God bless our native land,
   May Heaven's protecting hand
   Still guard our shore.
   May Peace her power extend,
   Foe be transformed to friend,
   And all our rights depend
   On war no more.
2. May just and righteous laws
   Uphold the public cause,
   And bless our name;
   Home of the brave and free,
   Strong-hold of Liberty—
   We pray that still on thee
   There be no stain.
3. And not this land alone,
   But be thy mercies known
   From shore to shore;
   Lord, make the nation see
   That men should brothers be,
   And form one family,
   The wide world o'er.

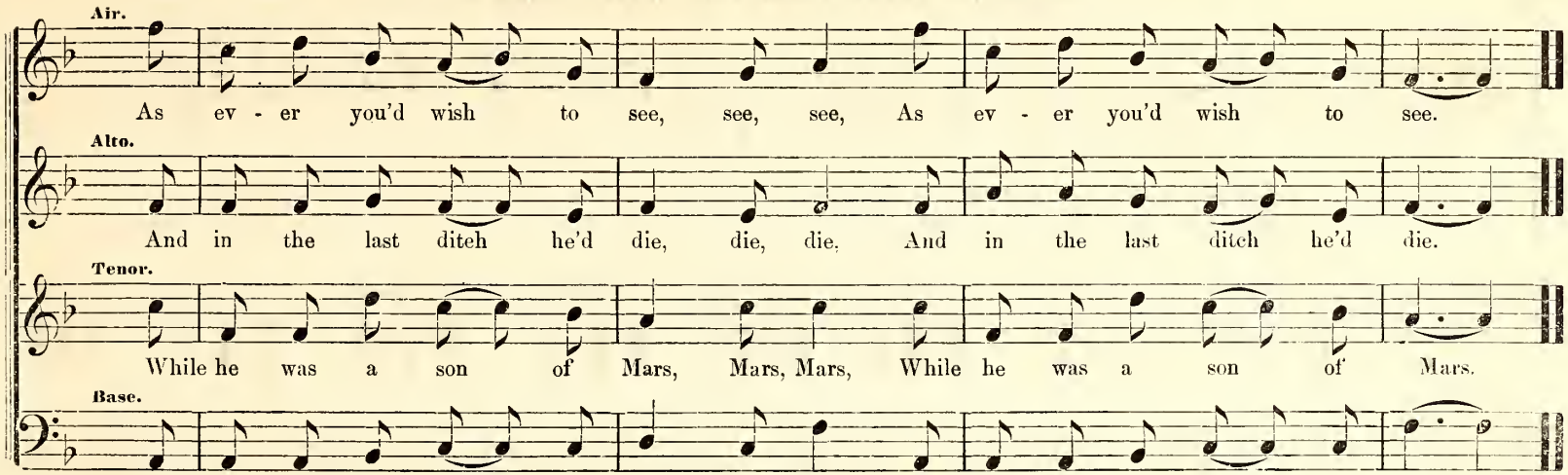
# A NEW BALLAD OF LORD LOVELL: The brave defender of New Orleans.

*With appropriate expression.*

A Chorus is arranged to relieve the Solo singer and give variety, but may be omitted.

1. Lord Lovell he sat in St. Charles Ho-tel, In St. Charles Ho-tel sat he, As fine a case of a reb-el swell As ev-er you'd wish to see, see, see, As ev-er you'd wish to see.
2. Lord Lovell the ci-ty he vowed to de-fend, A wav-ing his sword on high, He swore the last ounce of powder he'd spend And in the last ditch he'd die, die, die, And in the last ditch he'd die.
3. He swore by black and he swore by blue, He swore by the Stars and Bars, He never would fly from a Yan-kee crew, While he was a son of Mars, Mars, Mars, While he was a son of Mars.
4. He had fif-ty thous-and gal-lant men, Fif-ty thou-sand men had he, Who'd all sworn with him they'd nev-er sur-ren-Der to a-ny tar-na-tion Yan-kee, kee, kee, To a-ny tar-nation Yan-kee.

CHORUS.




5. He had forts that no live Yankee could take,
He had iron-clad boats a score,
And batteries all around the lake,
And all along the shore, shore, shore,
And all along the shore.

6. Sir Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he;
And Lord Lovell instanter began to retreat,
Before the first boat he could see, see, see,
Before the first boat he could see.

7. His fifty thousand gallant men
Dwindled down to thousands six;
They heard a distant cannon, and then
Commenced a cutting their sticks, sticks sticks,
Commenced a cutting their sticks.

8. "Oh tarry Lord Love,ll" Sir Farragut cried,
"Oh tarry Lord Lovell," said he,
"I rather think not," Lord Lovell replied,
"For I'm in a great hurry, ry, ry,
For I'm in a great hurry."

9. "I like the drinks of St. Charles Hotel,
But I never could bear strong Porter,
Especially when it is served in a shell,
Or mixed in an iron mortar, mort, mortar,
Or mixed in an iron mortar."

10. "I reckon you're right," Sir Farragut said,
"I reckon you're right," said he,
"For if ever my *Porter* should fly to your head,
A terrible smash there'd be, be, be,
A terrible smash there'd be."

11. Oh! a wonder it was to see them run,
A wonderful thing to see,
And the Yankees sailed in without firing a gun
And captured their great city, ty, ty
And captured their great city.

12. Lord Lovell kept running all day and all night,
Lord Lovell a running kept he,
For he swore he couldn't abide the sight
Of the gun of a live Yankee, kee, kee.
Of the gun of a live Yankee.

13. When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red, red rose,
From his heels a searlet runner, run, runner,
From his heels a searlet runner.

# OUR SOLDIERS STAND UPON THE FIELD.—Song and Chorus.

*Moderato.*

Words and Melody by Chas. Boynton, Esq.

1. Our soldiers stand up-on the field, the en - e - my in view; They grasp their rifles firm - ly, and they speed their bullets true: For man-y wea - ry marches, and man-y a comrades grave Has mark'd the path that led them forth their fatherland to save.

2. 'Mid i - ron hail and bat-tle smoke, 'mid pain and trial sore, They strive to save our country as their fathers did be - fore. Their Starry Flag triumphant waves; their bosoms know no fear: But hark! the startling shout that comes—"*A fire in the rear!*"

3. Yet undismayed the soldiers stand, and soon will right the wrong; The arm that strikes for Liberty doth Freedom's God make strong; They'll sweep all tyrants from our soil, and many a rousing cheer Shall wing the flight of traitors as they flee from front and rear.

CHORUS

Air.

Sol - diers of Freedom! Be strong in the fight! War - fare is ho - ly when waged for the Right!

Alto.

Soldiers of Freedom! A - wake at the sound! Trai - tors to Lib - er - ty gir - dle you round!

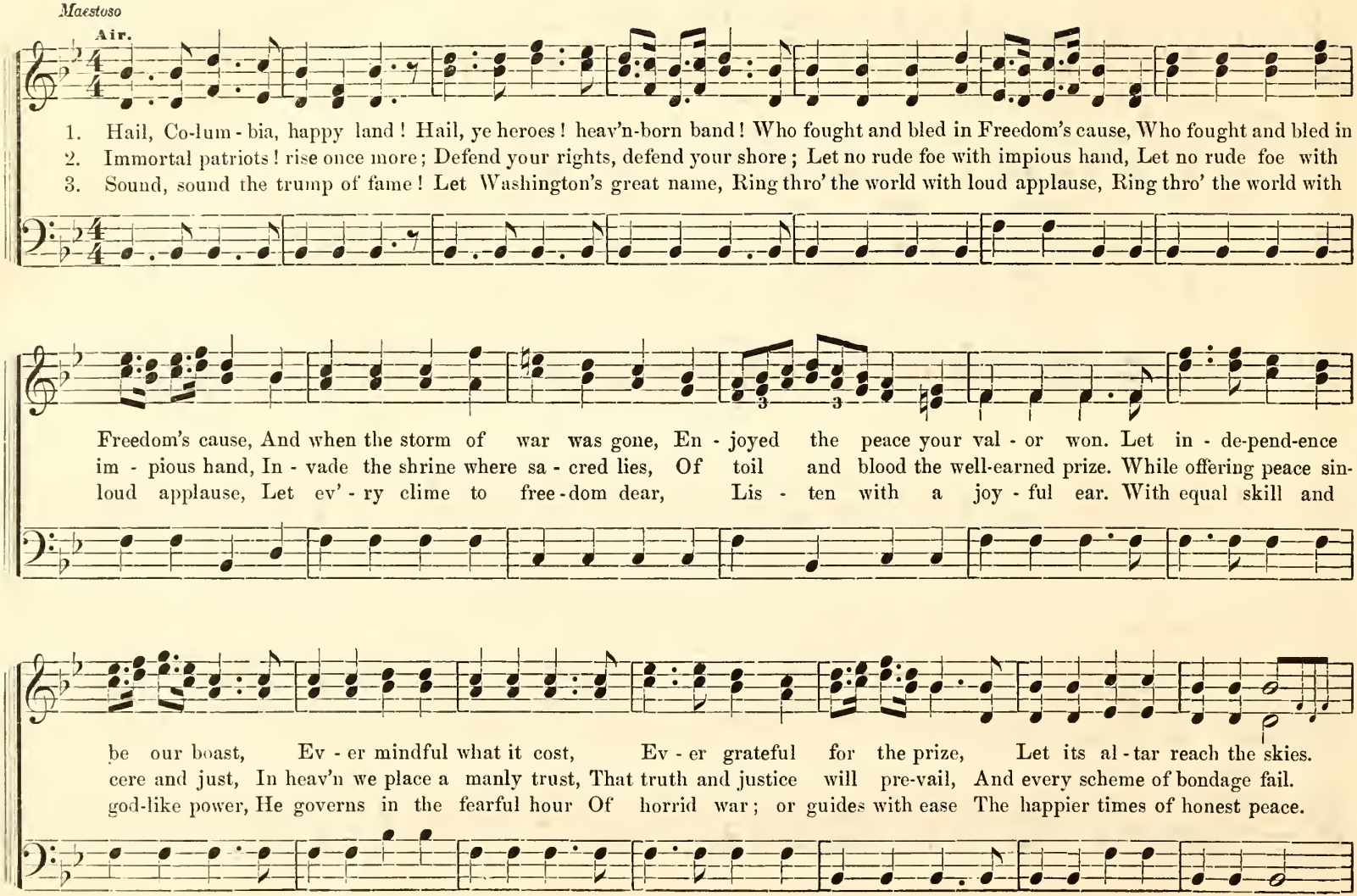
Tenor.

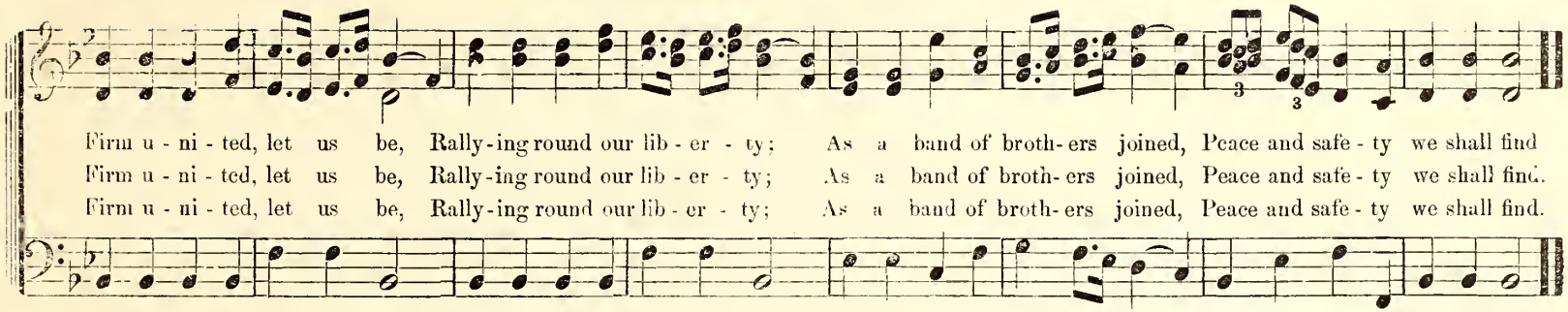
Sol - diers of Freedom! The mil - lions that rise, Born of this con - flict, where slav - er - y dies,

Trai - tors to Lib - er - ty stand in your way! A - ges will bless you if vic - tors to - day!

Strike yet a - gain, for be - hind and be - fore, Both must be quell'd ere the bat - tle is o'er!

Grate - ful shall tell of the deeds that were done When you the bat - tle of Lib - er - ty won!


Maestoso
Air.
1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, happy land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal patriots! rise once more; Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with
Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence
im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While offering peace sin-
loud applause, Let ev'-ry clime to free-dom dear, Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear. With equal skill and
be our boast, Ev-er mindful what it cost, Ev-er grateful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
cere and just, In heav'n we place a manly trust, That truth and justice will pre-vail, And every scheme of bondage fail.
god-like power, He governs in the fearful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The happier times of honest peace.




## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1 O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light.
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save
The hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must,
When our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF THIS COMMOTION.—Chorus.

*Allegretto.* When sung by men let the alto be an octave higher. Words by Chas. Learned, Esq.

Tenor.

1. Oh, what's the cause of this com - mo - tion, mo - tion. mo - tion, The coun-try through; It is the ball a

Alto.

2. Old Abe he thought E - man - ci - pa - tion, pa - tion, pa - tion, *The thing* would be, But Cop - per - heads, they

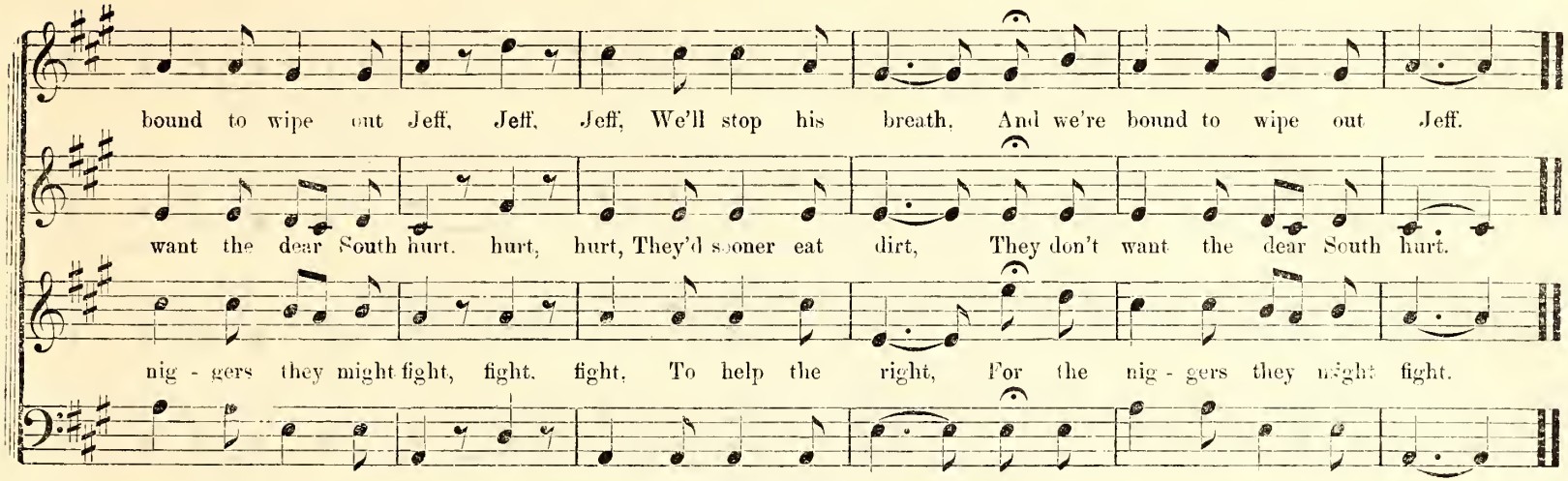
Air.

3. Oh, how they love the Con - sti - tu - tion, tu - tion, tu - tion, And Slav-er - y. It re - cog - nis - es

roll - ing on For Lib - er - ty and Un - ion too, For Lib - er - ty and Un - ion too, And we're

could not see, Its con - sti - tu - tion - al - i - ty, Its con - sti - tu - tion - al - i - ty, They don't

slav - ery, So we must not set their nig - gers free, We must not set their nig - gers free, For the




4. They've just found out that John Van Buren, Buren, Buren,
Ain't just their man—
He goes for putting this war through and hurting "wayward sisters" too,
And hurting "wayward sisters" too,
And they hate that style of man, man, man,
Prince Johnny Van,
And they hate that style of man.

5. Jeff. Davis owns some northerns traitors, traitors, traitors,
For dirty work,
With now and then a trait'rous sheet that for its treason can't be beat,
That for its treason can't be beat;
O, such papers suit the South, South, South,
Rebellious South,
O, such papers suit the South.

6. Such Democrats as old Ben. Butler, Butler, Butler,
And Rosecrans too,
Are just the men that suit us well, though copperheads think them a sell
Though copperheads think them a sell.
For they'll hang all rebels high, high, high,
As Gild'roy's kite did fly,
For they'll hang all rebels high.

7. Our boys are bound to pitch their tents in Richmond, Richmond, Richm'd
And Vicksburg too;
They shall not fail for want of help, let copperheaded varmints yelp,
Let copperheaded varmints yelp,
We'll send them means and men, men, men,
Good fighting men,
We'll send them means and men.

8. The Ladies, may kind Heaven bless 'em, bless 'em, bless 'em,
They're always true;
They go for Union to a man, they'll raise up armies if they can,
They'll raise up armies if they can;
And they hate a copperhead, head, head,
For so they've said,
And they hate a copperhead.

9. Now Democrats of all persuasion, suasion, suasion,
Republicans too,
Forget your parties old or new, and join our Union party true,
And join our Union party true,
And we'll sweep the South so fair, fair, fair,
Of every traitor there,
And we'll plant the old Flag there.

# PICKING LINT.

*With expression.*

Words by J. W. Barker, Esq.

**Tenor.**

1. Ply - ing the bus - y fin - gers O - ver the vest-ments old, Not with the wea - ry

**Alto.**

2. Quick - er,—the blood is flow - ing, Hun - dreds were slain to - day, And ev - ry warm pul-

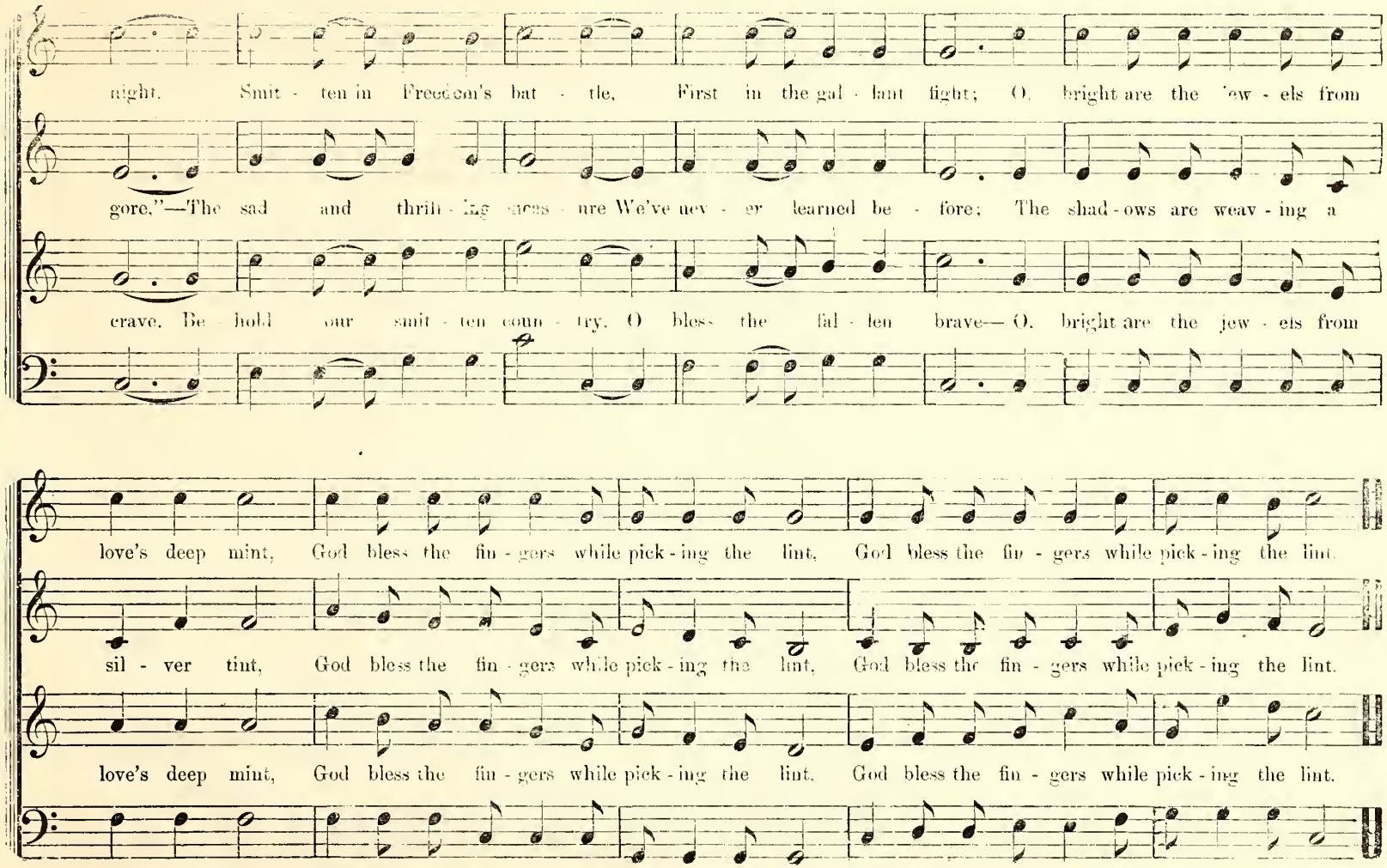
**Soprano.**

3. We've clad the fal - len he - roes With gar - ments we have made, By light we now are

nee - dle, Not for some grains of gold; Think-ing of fainting he - roes, Out in the dreary

sa - tion Is steal - ing life a - way. "A hun - dred threads a min - ute, A hun - dred drops of

pick - ing, The fear - ful tide be stayed; We lift our hearts to Heav - en, Our Father's blessings


night. Smit - ten in Freedom's bat - tle, First in the gal - lant fight; O, bright are the jew - els from
gore."—The sad and thrill - ing mess - ure We've nev - er learned be - fore; The shad - ows are weav - ing a
crave. Be - hold our smit - ten coun - try, O bless the fal - len brave— O, bright are the jew - els from
love's deep mint, God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint, God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint.
sil - ver tint, God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint, God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint.
love's deep mint, God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint. God bless the fin - gers while pick - ing the lint.

# AFTER THE BATTLE.

From the SILVER LUTE, by permission.

*Recitando.*

**Tenor.**

1. Hark! the drums are all muf - fled, the bu - gles are still! There's a pause in the val - ley a halt on the hill; And

**Alto.**

2. There's a voice on the wind like a spi - rit's low cry; 'Tis the mus - ter roll sounding, and who shall re-ply? Not
3. Tramp on tramp, far a - way peals the march of the foe. Like the storm-waves re - trea - ting, spent, fit - ful and slow, With

**Soprano.**

4. They are fled—they are gone, but O, not as they came. In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game; No

bear - ers of stand - ards swerve back with a thrill, Where the sheaves of the dead bar the way.

those whose wan fa - ces are turned to the sky, Where they fell in the dead - ly af - fray.
sounds like their spi - rits, that faint as they go By the dark, frown - ing riv - er so cold.

more shall they stand in the van - guard of fame, Nev - er more their red ban - ner un - fold.

*Moderato.* Words from the Toledo Blade.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR.

1. Oh hear the voice that speaks a - far, From eve-ry blood-stained field of war,
In strife—a - bove the bu - gle blast, In dy - ing tones when strife is past? } Hear ye the words our brothers speak, Who stand for us with

in the fight? "O, for the help - less and the weak, Ye pat - riot men, U - nite! U - nite! Ye pat - riot men, U - nite! U - nite!"

2. Brave men from broad Atlantic's strand
Meet brave men from the "Golden Land;"
The heroes from the mountain side
Greet heroes from the prairie wide;
Behold them, partisans no more,
Contending side by side for right,
Oh hear their million tongues implore,
"For love of God, Unite! Unite!

3. From Ellsworth's grave, from Baker's blood,
From fields where falling thousands stood—
The thousands who had hoped to be
Shrined in their country's memory—
From twice ten thousand graves there comes
The earnest voice we hear to night,
And twice ten thousand mourning homes
Echo the words, "Unite! Unite!"

4. Nay, from the graves old heroes fill,
From Yorktown, Trenton, Bunker Hill,
From Vernon's tomb, from Marshfield's sage,
From Ashland and the Hermitage,
The gray-haired men from every tomb
Point where our struggling armies fight;
Listen, the countless tones that come,
"For country, home and God, Unite!"

5. Great God in heaven! before Thee now
We register our holy vow:
Our party names, we spurn them all,
And swear, whatever may befall,
While traitors raise a flag on high,
We'll aid our brothers in the fight,
For union we will *live* and *die;*
So help us God, WE WILL UNITE!

Tune.—"*America.*"

1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night·
When the wild tempests rave.
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State

# UNCLE SAM'S FUNERAL.

*With appropriate expression.*

By "Silex."

1. 'Twas but lit - tle while a - go, that the cop-perheads were found With their great Vallan-dig - ham - mer, a ham - mer - ing a-
2. Then said they, "O peo-ple dear, poor old Un-cle Sam is dead. Let us put him in his cof - fin, and ham - mer down the
3. Said the peo - ple "Is it so, pray what was it made him die? Though we nev - er will be - lieve you, we know you're apt to
4. But the peo - ple on - ly laughed at the sto - ry that they told. For they knew his Con-sti - tu - tion and an-swered up so

[Very nasal.]

round, And they tried to scare us with their dole - ful sound. H'm, Ha.
lid," And to work they all went as the words they said, H'm, Ha.
lie." "Of the nig - ger pro - cla - ma - tion" they did cry, H'm, Ha.
bold. "O you sil - ly cop - per - heads, you're bad - ly sold," H'm, Ha.

* *These two measures to be whistled.*

## Uncle Sam's Funeral.—Concluded.

5. Uncle Sam he then arose, like a giant, hale and strong,
With his people and his army, a glorious loyal throng,
And the Coppers sneaked to where they all belong.
H'm, Ha, &c.

Sle wer. 6. Where they've gone to it is now quite impossible to tell,
But if they are not repenting, we all know very well
That, some time or other, we shall ring their knell.
H'm, Ha, &c.

---

## Battle-Cry of Freedom.—Battle Song. (*See page* 20.)

1 We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

*Chorus.*—The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

2. We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

*Chorus.*—The Union forever, etc.

3. If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

*Chorus.*—The Union forever, etc.

4. Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And the viet'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

*Chorus.*—The Union forever, etc.

## Additional words to "Lord Lovell." (*See page* 26.)

1. Lord Lovell marched out of New Orleans,
He went at the double quick,
And gallant Old Ben. marched in with his men,
Which made the poor rebels feel sick.

2. He brought up his men to the left and the right,
He brought up the center and flanks;
He let Secesh know that when he said so,
They'd got to "come into the ranks."

3. Now a loyal old soul was General Ben.,
A loyal old soul so true,
And he made the Secesh, both women and men,
Respect the old "Red, White and Blue."

4. Long life to Ben. Butler, the bravest of men,
Success to the Stripes and Stars;
And sooner or later we'll hang every traitor,
Along with his "Stars and Bars."

---

## God Save the President.

Tune—"*America.*" Page 5.

1. God save the President,
His chosen instrument,
May Heaven bless;
God give him, while he bears
The weight of public cares,
And asks the people's prayers,
A good success.

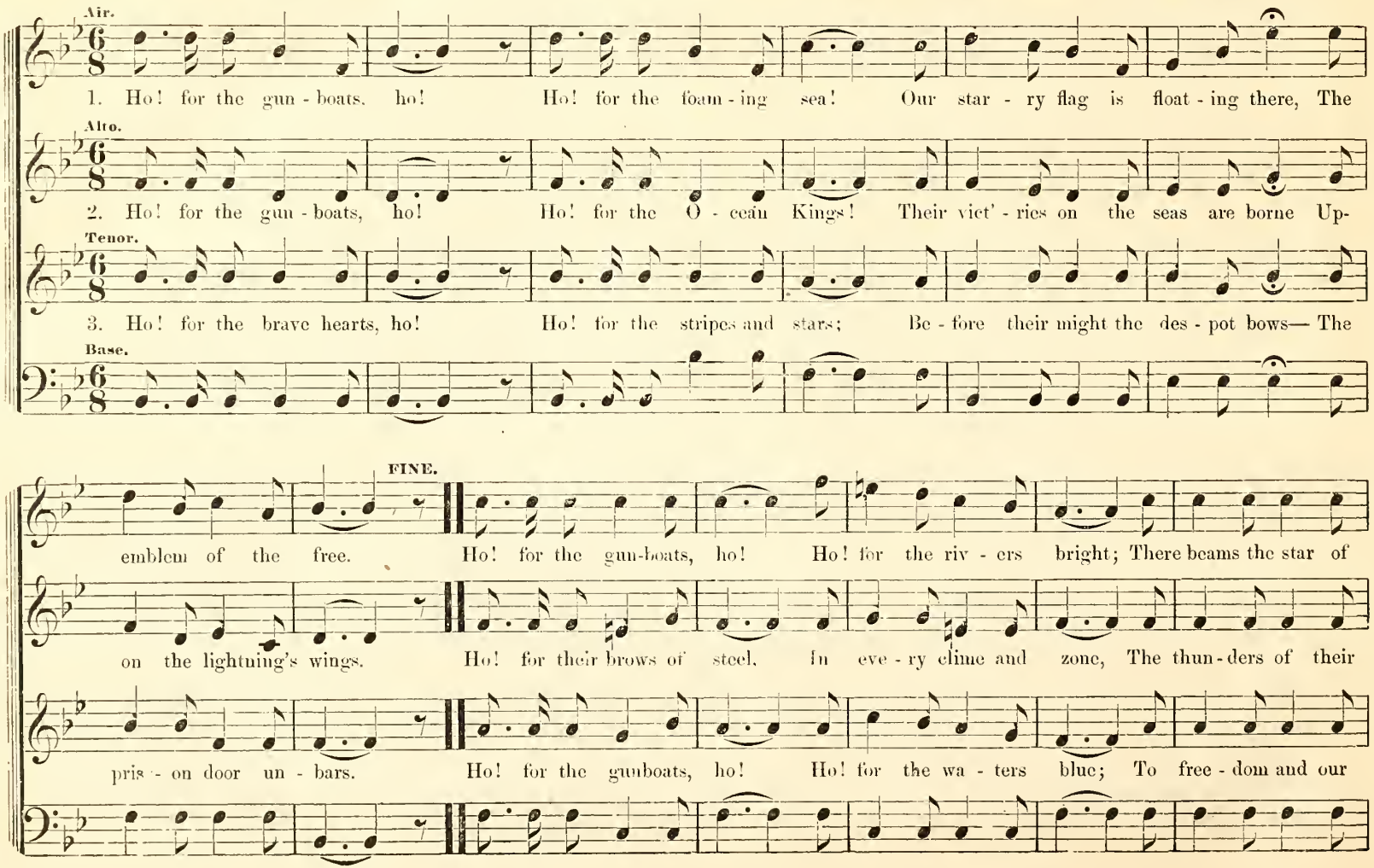
2. God bless the honest man
Who leads the Union van
In peril's hour!
While rebel tempests rail,
And storms the State assail,
God give him to prevail,
By heavenly power.

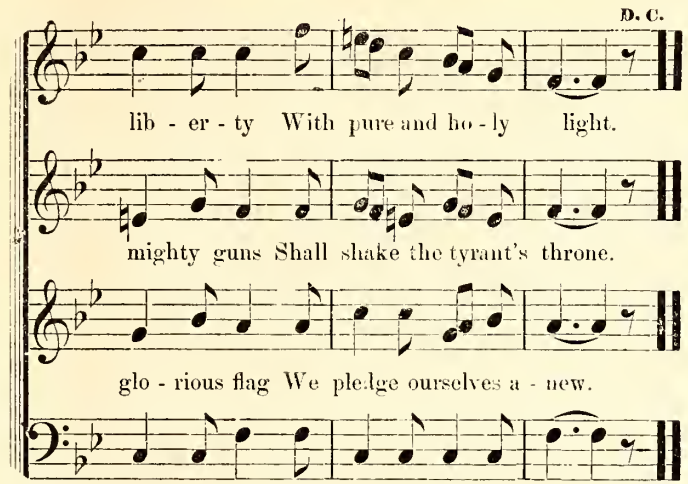
3. And when the war is won,
May he like Washington
Deliverer prove!
And "Father Abraham" be
Our *pater patriæ*,
Whom, sire of liberty,
The people love.

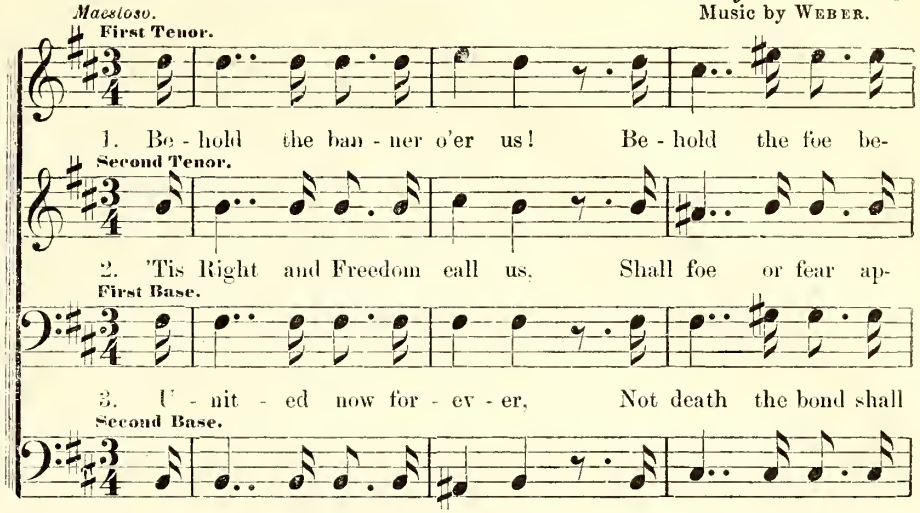
4. Let all with might and main
Our chosen chief sustain,
Prudent and brave.
Strong in upright intent,
Nor from his purpose bent—
God save the President,
The Union save.

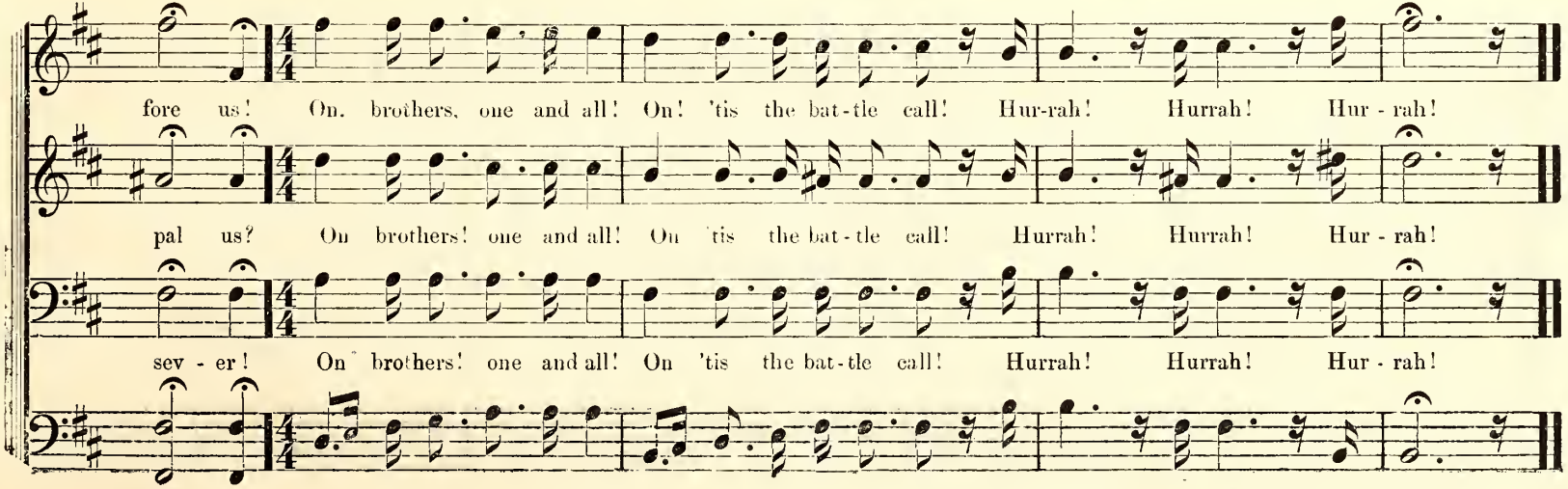
# HO! FOR THE GUN-BOATS.—Quartett and Chorus.

*Allegretto.* Sing the first four lines in Chorus every time for the D. C. Words from THE GATE CITY.




D. C.
lib - er - ty With pure and ho - ly light.
mighty guns Shall shake the tyrant's throne.
glo - rious flag We pledge ourselves a - new.


Maestoso.
First Tenor.
1. Be - hold the ban - ner o'er us! Be - hold the foe be-
Second Tenor.
2. 'Tis Right and Freedom call us, Shall foe or fear ap-
First Base.
3. U - nit - ed now for - ev - er, Not death the bond shall
Second Base.


fore us! On, brothers, one and all! On! 'tis the bat-tle call! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!
pal us? On brothers! one and all! On 'tis the bat-tle call! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!
sev - er! On brothers! one and all! On 'tis the bat-tle call! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!

# BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.—Duett and Chorus.

*Andantino.* HENRY C. WORK.

Air.

1. Heav - i - ly falls the rain, Wild are the breez - es to - night; But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly, Are
2. Un - der the home - stead roof, Nes - tled so co - zy and warm, While sol - diers sleep, with lit - tle or naught, To

Alto.

3. Think - ing no less of them, Lov - ing our coun - try the more. We sent them forth to fight for the flag, Their
4. May the bright wings of love, Guard them where - ev - er they roam; The time has come when brothers must fight, And

Inst.

ritard. a tempo.

hap - py and gay and bright. Gath - er - ing round our fire - side, Tho' it be sum - mer time, We
shel - ter them from the storm. Rest - ing on gras - sy couch - es, Pil - low'd on hil - locks damp; Of

fath - ers be - fore them bore. Though the great tear - drops star - ted. This was our par - ting trust: "God
sis - ters must pray at home. Oh! the dread field of bat - tle! Soon to be strewn with graves! If

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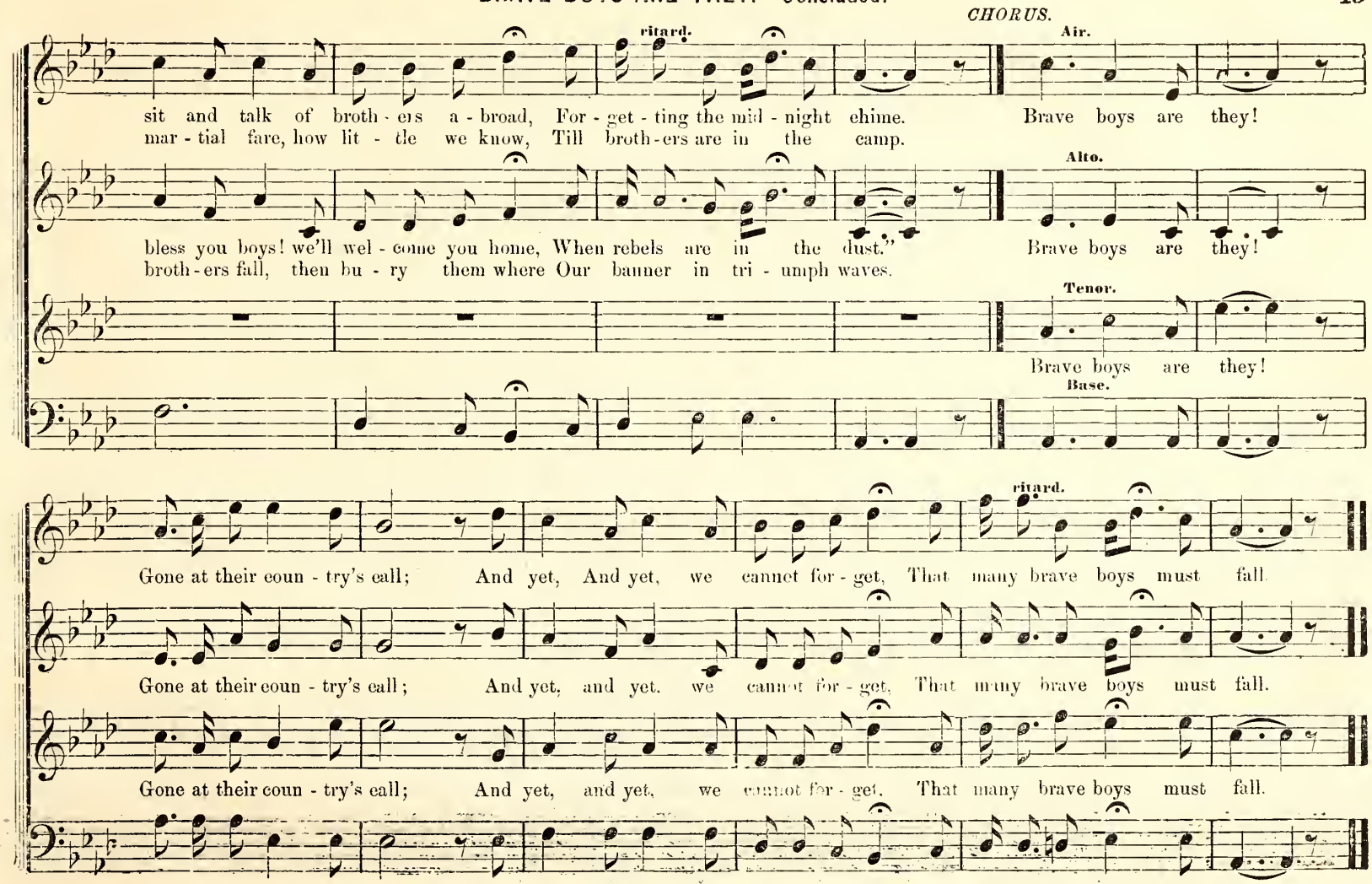

CHORUS.
ritard.
Air.
sit and talk of broth - ers a - broad, For - get - ting the mid - night chime.
Brave boys are they!
mar - tial fare, how lit - tle we know, Till broth - ers are in the camp.
Alto.
bless you boys! we'll wel - come you home, When rebels are in the dust."
Brave boys are they!
broth - ers fall, then bu - ry them where Our banner in tri - umph waves.
Tenor.
Brave boys are they!
Base.
ritard.
Gone at their coun - try's call; And yet, And yet, we cannot for - get, That many brave boys must fall.
Gone at their coun - try's call; And yet, and yet, we cannot for - get, That many brave boys must fall.
Gone at their coun - try's call; And yet, and yet, we cannot for - get, That many brave boys must fall.

# JEEFERSON D—, SIR.

*Moderato.*

Words by "SILEX."

Air.

1. Oh! Ho! the Copperheads they cried, 'O'er Un - cle Sam we re bound to ride,' And loud they blustered and they lied, And all for Jeff - er - son D., Sir.

Alto.

2. The Peo ple on the oth - er side, Will nev - er let the Un - ion slide, But wish to keep the thing they've tried, And *hang* your Jefferson D., Sir.

Tenor.

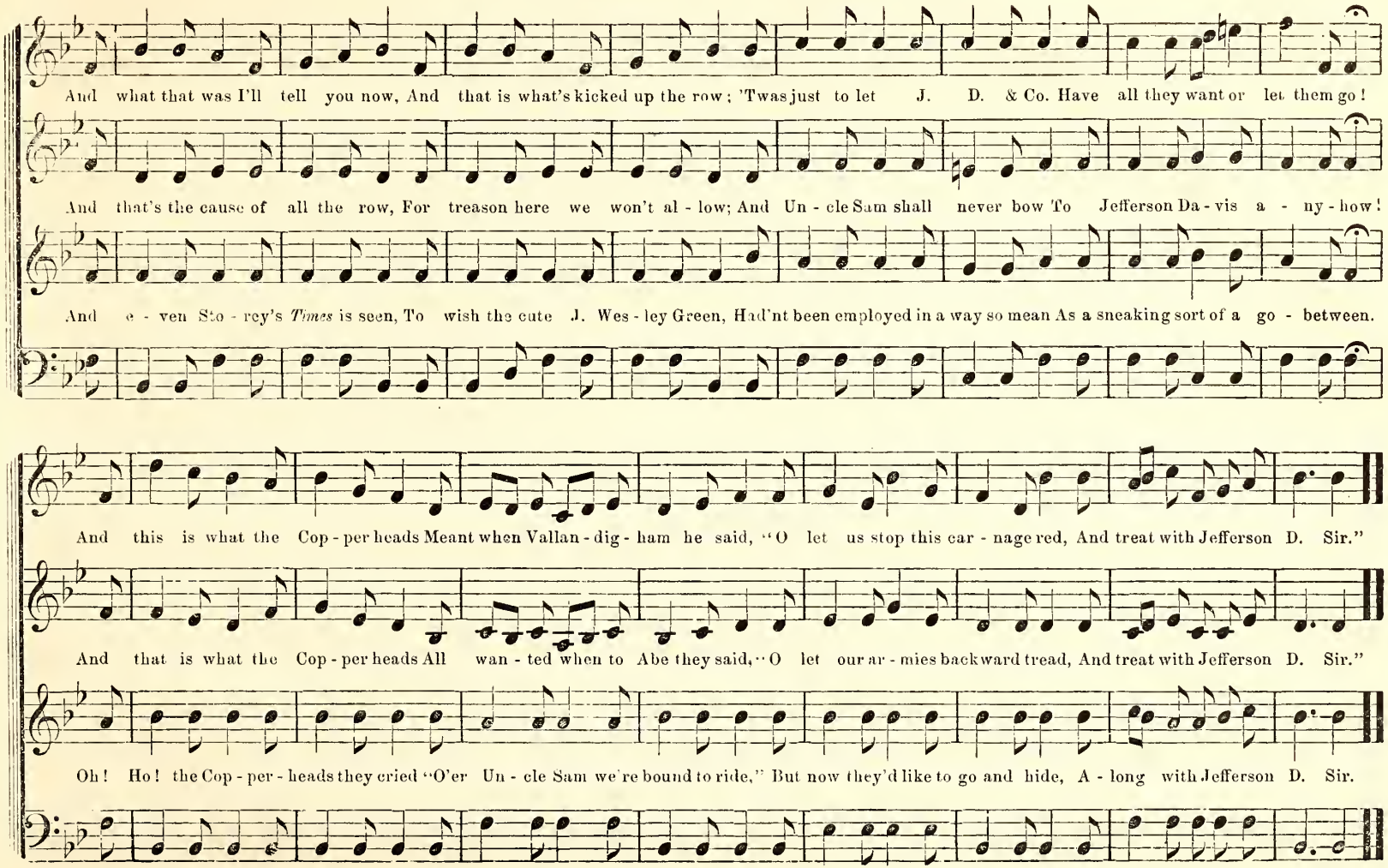
3. And now the Union thunder rolls, 'Tis fun to see them hunt their holes, While some are trying to save their souls By swearing at Jefferson D., sir.

Base.

Val - lan - dig - ham said "Uncle Sam should nev - er have an - oth - er man," When down to Jer - sey off he ran, And there proclaimed his to - ry plan.

And when they found this to - ry pack, Were trying to keep our ar - mies back, From following on the traitors track; Said they, "these copperheads we'll crack,"

Val - lan - dig - ham is bobbing around, Ma - hon - y's Her - ald isn't "sound," While Bennet and Van have refuge found, On "un - con - ditional" union ground.


And what that was I'll tell you now, And that is what's kicked up the row; 'Twas just to let J. D. & Co. Have all they want or let them go!
And that's the cause of all the row, For treason here we won't al - low; And Un - cle Sam shall never bow To Jefferson Da - vis a - ny - how!
And e - ven Sto - rey's *Times* is seen, To wish the cute J. Wes - ley Green, Had'nt been employed in a way so mean As a sneaking sort of a go - between.
And this is what the Cop - per heads Meant when Vallan - dig - ham he said, "O let us stop this car - nage red, And treat with Jefferson D. Sir."
And that is what the Cop - per heads All wan - ted when to Abe they said, "O let our ar - mies backward tread, And treat with Jefferson D. Sir."
Oh! Ho! the Cop - per - heads they cried "O'er Un - cle Sam we're bound to ride," But now they'd like to go and hide, A - long with Jefferson D. Sir.

# COME, ROUSE UP! BRAVE BOYS.

*With energy.*

Words by Miss Avanelle L. Holmes.

1. Come rouse up, brave boys! there's a foe on the farm, And Un - cle Sam calls on his children to arm, O
2. Come rouse up, brave boys! 'tis no trifl - ing cam - paign, Each heart must be bold and each nerve on the strain — The

come from the work-shop, the plow and the loom, From high - way and by - way, and eve - ry way come! Your
great - er the dan - ger the great - er the need Of arms that can strike and of feet that can speed. Rouse

arms must be strong in the cause of the right. There are rep - tiles be - fore and be - hind us, to fight, Then
up, boys, a - rouse! 'tis no hol - i - day work. Oh, be - ware! for the cop - per - heads bite in the dark, Watch

gath - er the wea - pons that best you can wield, And spring to your posts on the great bat - tle field.
close - ly the shad - ows a - round "par - ty pride." For there in the dark - ness the vile mon - sters hide.

CHORUS After each verse.

AIR. ALTO. TENOR. BASE.

Yes, rouse up, brave boys there's a foe on the farm. And Un - cle Sam calls on his chil - dren to arm, O

come from the work - shop, the plow and the loom, From high - way and by - way and eve - ry way come.

*Andantino.* G. F. R.

FIRST.

1. Nev-er for-get the dear ones A-round the so-cial hearth, The sun-ny smiles of glad-ness, The songs of art-less

SECOND.

2. Ev-er their hearts are turn-ing To thee when far a-way, Their love so pure and ten-der Go with thee on thy

mirth; Tho' camp and field may call thee, A-far from them to roam, Nev-er for-get the dear ones That clus-ter round thy

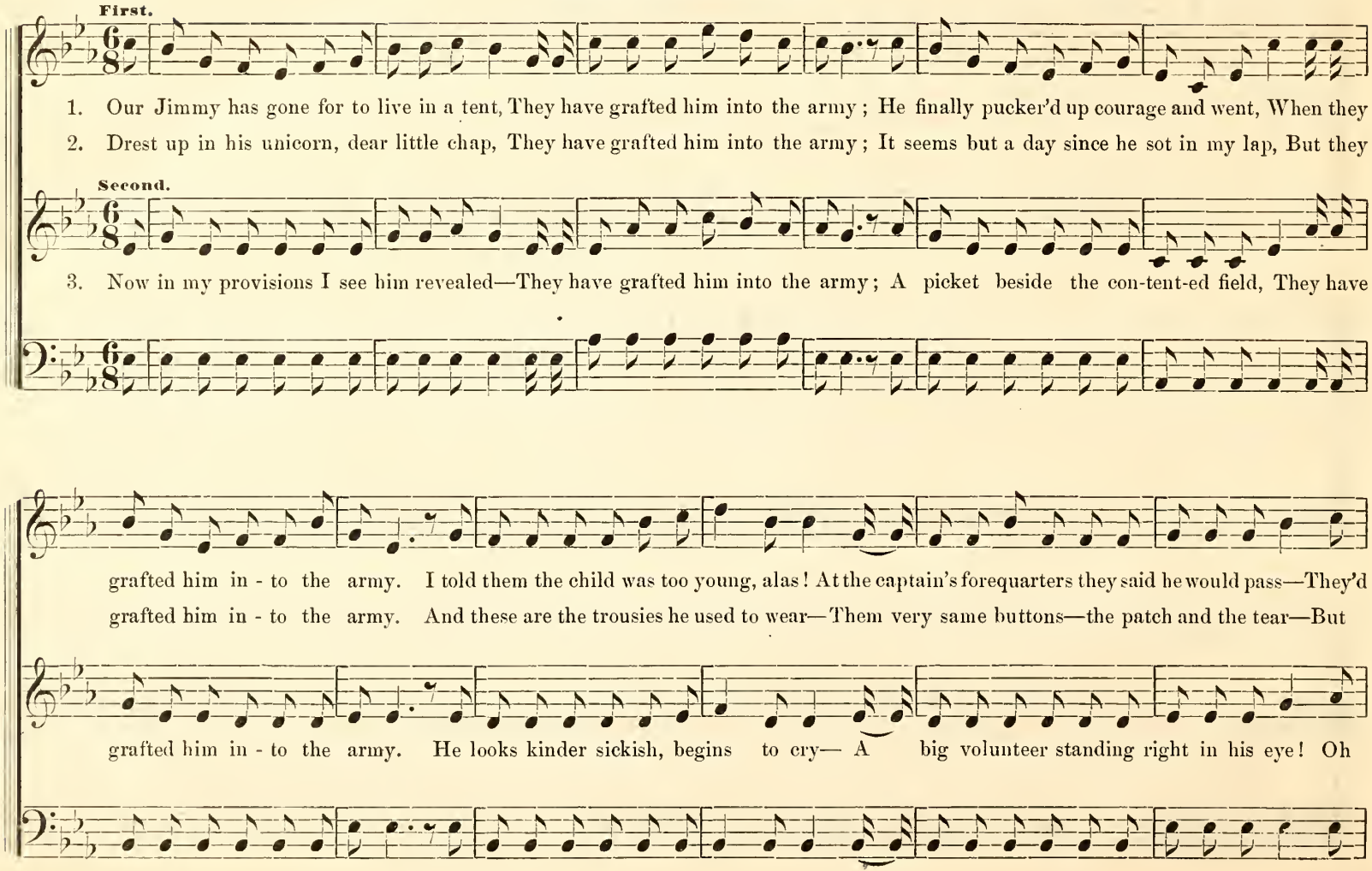
way; In camp, or field, or for-tress, Or 'mid the o-cean's foam, Nev-er for-get the dear ones That clus-ter round thy

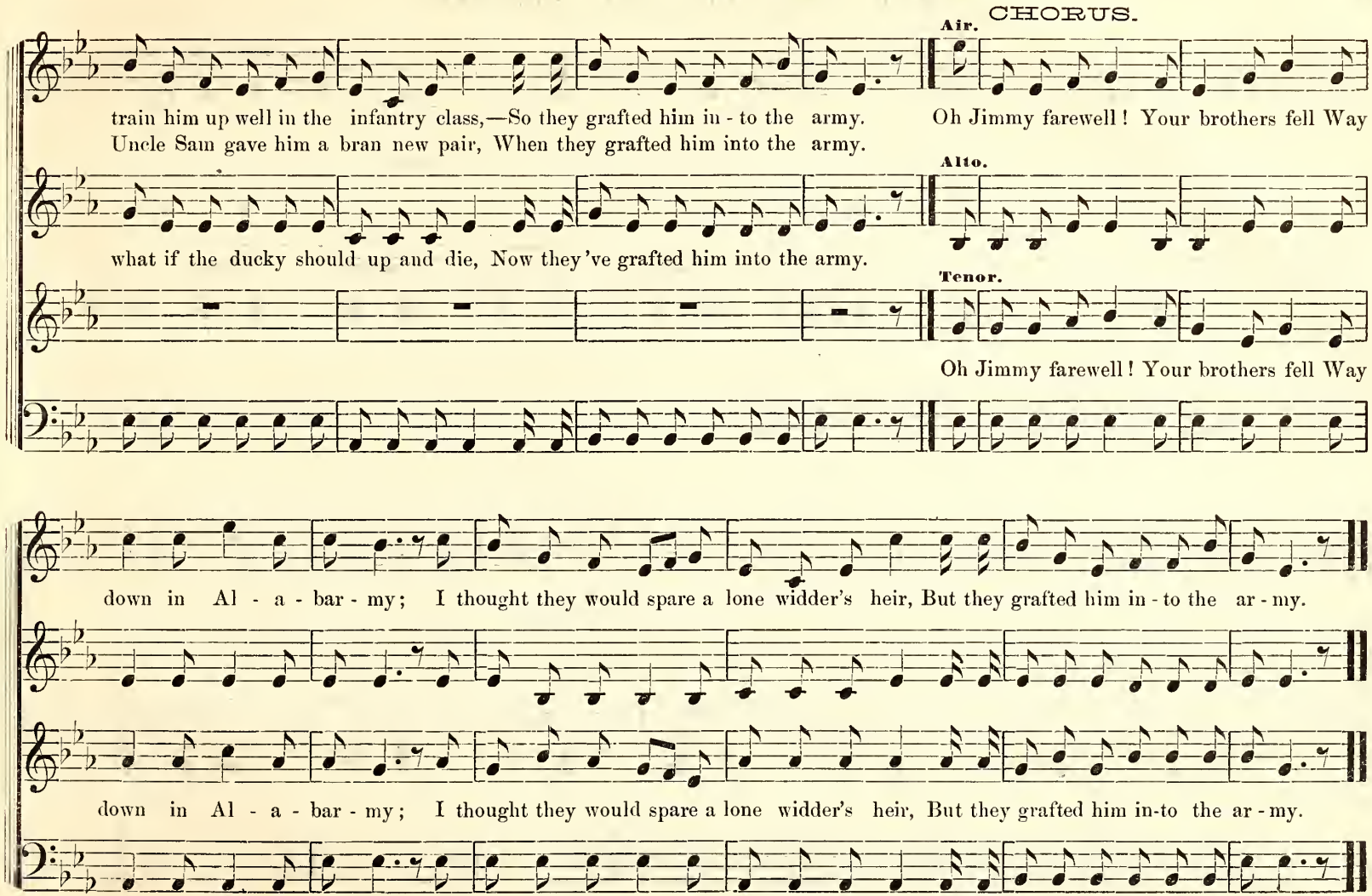
home, Nev-er for-get, nev-er for-get, nev-er for-get the dear ones That clus-ter round thy home.

home, Nev-er for-get, nev-er for-get, nev-er for-get the dear ones That clus-ter round thy home.

# GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.—Trio and Chorus.

*Allegretto.* (May be sung as Song and Chorus.) By permission. HENRY C. WORK.




CHORUS.
Air.
train him up well in the infantry class,—So they grafted him in - to the army.
Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair, When they grafted him into the army.
Oh Jimmy farewell! Your brothers fell Way
Alto.
what if the ducky should up and die, Now they've grafted him into the army.
Tenor.
Oh Jimmy farewell! Your brothers fell Way
down in Al - a - bar - my; I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir, But they grafted him in - to the ar - my.
down in Al - a - bar - my; I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir, But they grafted him in-to the ar - my.

# ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.—Song and Chorus.

*Allegretto.*

Air.

Words and Melody by Wm. M. Doughty, Esq.

1. Some queer things oc - cur in this vale of mor - tal - i - ty, Some that are com - mon and oth - ers more rare, But the queerest of queer things, is Eng - lish neu - tral - i - ty, Shown by her con - duct in this pres - ent war.
2. "I'm neu - tral," she says "in this war of our cous - in sir," Tak - ing a side would, you know, not be fair, Still she sells ships to Jeff on the sly by the doz - en, sir, And would sell o - pen - ly did she but dare.
3. "Un - nat - u - ral war," sighs our good En - glish grand ma - ma, Stop it, I pray you and part now in peace," In the midst of this wail comes the swift Al - a - bam - a To *prey* on our commerce and roam o'er the seas.
4. "We're building ships now for the Em - pire of Chi - na, sir," Says the old in - no - cent, rais - ing her eyes, But we know ver - y well they're for Jeff. and his Di - nah, sir, So what's the use of her tell - ing such lies.

CHORUS.

Air.

Alto.

Yes that is true, yes that is true, Eng - lish neu - tral - i - ty nev - er will do.
Did she but dare, did she but dare, And would sell o - pen - ly did she but dare.

Tenor.

O - ver the seas, o - ver the seas, Swift - ly the pi - rate is roam - ing the seas.
Tell - ing such lies, tell - ing such lies, So what's the use of their tell - ing such lies.

5. A very queer thing is this English neutrality,
Crying "Fair play" but yet helping one side,
It would be all O. K. if 'twere only reality,
And it could have been so had she but tried.
*Chorus.* Had she but tried, had she but tried,
And it could have been so, had she but tried.

6. Her prayer for the slave has turned out mere formality,
Where int'rest sways her, her sympathies turn,
We may teach her some day a much better morality,
If a sound thrashing will cause her to learn.
*Chorus.* Cause her to learn, cause her to learn,
If a sound thrashing will cause her to learn.

7. This war will be ended if we but keep faithfully
"Pegging away, sir," until it is done,
Then let England take care for the boys talk quite wrathfully,
And 'twill go hard sir, to let her alone.
*Chorus.* Let her alone, let her alone,
And it will be hard sir to let her alone.

## Fine old Union Gentleman.

TUNE.—"*Fine old English Gentleman.* DAVID WHITAKER.

1 We'll sing you a Union song made by a Union man,
Who goes for Union every time, and when the war began
Was sound and loyal to the core, and with him we will stand;
And go for putting Treason down, in any way we can,
For our glorious old Republic is one of the grandest kind.

2 We go for Union now and ever, no matter what they cost,
Our country's fate is sealed forever if unity be lost:
But though our good ship Union by secession's madly toss'd,
She yet will weather every gale and safely get *across*;
Like a sound and true old Union ship, one of the staunchest kind.

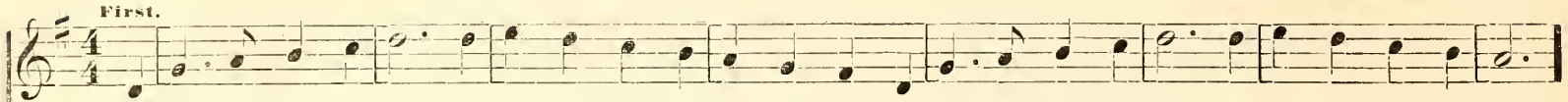
3 We go for closing up the war, as soon as rebels please
To ask forgiveness of Uncle Sam right down upon their knees;
To give up Davis, Toombs and Floyd, and a few more such as these,
The greatest rascals yet unhung, a perfect set of thieves;
A set of traitor rascals, of the very meanest kind.

4 We go for putting traitors through, who caused this revolution,
And hanging them according to the good old constitution;
We'll confiscate their property, take everything they've got,
And only give them in return, our powder, ball and shot;
For we're true and loyal men, all of the good old kind.

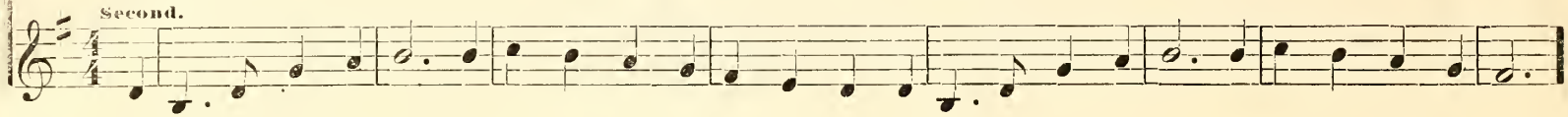
## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? Duet and Chorus.

*Con spirito.*

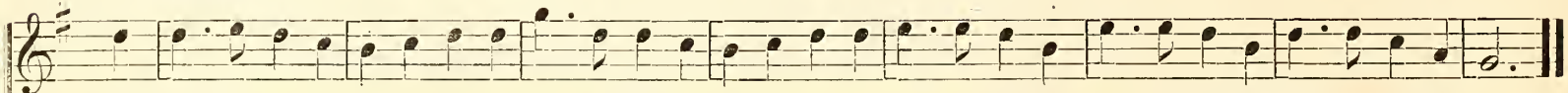
Words and Melody by Wm. M. Doughty, Esq.



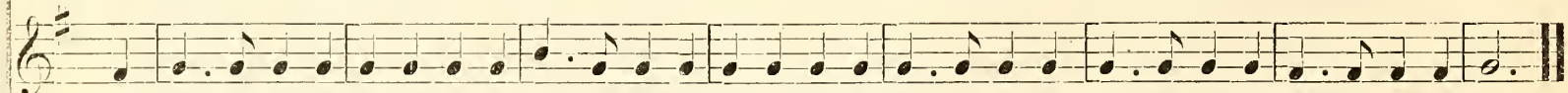

1. What, watchman, of the night! That broods so darkly o'er our land? Is there no gleam of light Yet seen from where you stand?
2. What is it, watchman, speak? And dis - si - pate this anxious care, For faith is growing weak; Speak out, and know no fear.
3. They 're banding for the fray, 'Gainst traitors North, South, East, or West, Their watchword is to-day "The land we love the best."
4. "We 'll not give up the ship," Though storm and tempest fill the land, But pledge with heart and lip, "We 'll by our country stand."



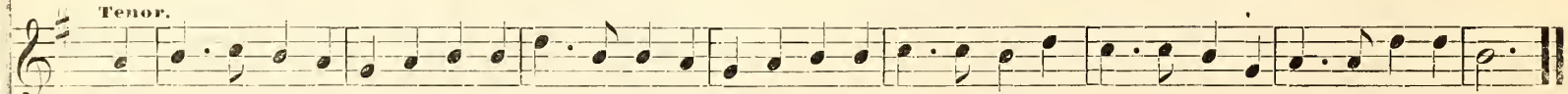

CHORUS.



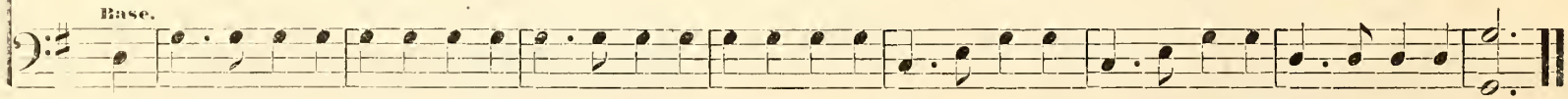
Yes, there 's a ray of light ahead, It beams from out the Eastern sky, An omen which if rightly read, Portends great victo - ry.



It is the great and mighty move Of union men in league to go, To save the land they tru - ly love, From every plotting foe.




"The Union it shall be preserved" At every cost of life and blood, And traitors get what they 've deserved, A pass down Satan's road.




Great God! vouchsafe to hear our pray'r, Break off all chains, bid war to cease, Our nation's shattered bark repair, Then keep our land in peace.

# MEN THAT DARE!

*Maestoso.*

Words by Chas. Boynton.

Air.

Alto.

1. Men that dare with wrong to fight; Men that bat-tle for the Right; Gird ye on your armor bright: Hark! the Tocsin's call!

Tenor.

2. Right and wrong in desperate strife; Front to front, and life for life; Reckless of the ru-in rife, Meet in conflict dire!

Ty-ran-ny with lat-est breath; Struggling onward to its death, Still with frantic madness saith Li-ber-ty shall fall!

Lighting up our Southern sky; Har-bin-ger of vic-t'ry nigh; See! the flames are mounting high—Slavery's funeral pyre!

3 Clothed with madness; drunk with pride:—
Righteousness and God denied!
Its own hand the torch applied:—
See! the zenith glows!
While from o'er the sounding main,
Comes old Europe's mandate vain;
"Rivet yet again the chain
Dear to freedom's foes."

4 Oh, ye people, cease your wail:—
This, the light, makes tyrants pale:—
God and Justice will prevail
Now and evermore.
Every form of wrong shall die!
Perish every vaunted lie:—
Ere the radiance from on high
Lights Columbia's shore.

5 Men that dare with wrong to fight:—
Men that battle for the right:
Ye have watched through slavery's night:—
Now behold the morn.
Sumter's flames;—the morning star,
Freedom's pathway gilds afar,
While behind her conquering car,
See a nation born.

# KINGDOM COMING.—Trio and Chorus.

(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)

By permission.

HENRY C. WORK.

*Allegretto.*

FIRST.

1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his face, Go long de road some

SECOND.

1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his face, Go long de road some

time dis morn-in' Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Where de

time dis morn-in' Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Where de

Link - um gun - boats lay; He took his hat, an' lef' ber - ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a - way!

Link - um gun - boats lay; He took his hat, an' lef' ber - ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a - way!

CHORUS.

AIR.

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It mus' be now de king-dom comin' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

ALTO.

TENOR.

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It mus' be now de king-dom comin' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

2. He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he way tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he could n't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'en,
An' he get so drefful tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband. *Chorus.*

3. De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Linkum sogers come. *Chorus.*

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better
Dan to went an' run away. *Chorus.*

**Freedom and Union.**—*Tune, Marseilles Hymn.*

1. Wake! Harp of Freedom! wake to glory!
Wake! wake! let rapture thrill your song:
Repeat thy stirring patriot story,
And all its sweetest notes prolong;
Upon thy wings let hearts that flutter,
So long to grief and sadness strung,
Be borne where loftier strains are rung,
And all their loudest triumphs utter.
Awake! awake, ye brave!
Columbia's anthem pour;
Be free, be free—
All hearts resolv'd On FREEDOM evermore.

2. And thou, O tree of UNION! ever
Strike deeper in our hearts thy roots;
And from thy branches fling forever,
Through all the land thy glorious fruits;
From lake to shore, from hill to valley,
Tho' ribbed with rock, or lined with gold,
*One* flag be waved—*one* anthem roll'd,
And all to this one watchword rally:
Awake! awake, ye brave!
The patriot anthem pour;
Be ONE—be ONE—
All hearts resolv'd on UNION evermore.

# THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.—Quartette and Chorus.

*Allegretto.* (May be sung as Song and Chorus.) New words by DAVID WHITAKER, Esq.

Music by permission of Messrs. O. DITSON & CO.

**Air.**

1. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming, There's a good time coming, boys, wait a lit - tle

**Alto.**

**Tenor.**

2. There's a good time coming, boys, a good time, coming, There's a good time coming, boys, wait a lit - tle

longer; O then Rebellion will be o'er, And peace shall reign again once more, In the good time coming. Cannon balls will

longer; When Liberty shall take her stand, Through all this great and glorious land, In the good time coming— Slavery too must

aid the truth, And leave impressions strong-er; Re - bel-lion's sway will pass a - way, Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

pass a - way, It can't ex - ist much lon - ger, We'll end the fight, God helps the right, *Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.*

CHORUS.

There's a good time com - ing, boys, A good time com-ing, There's a good time com-ing, boys, Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.

There's a good time com - ing, boys, A good time com-ing, There's a good time com-ing, boys, Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.

3 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
The rebels then will sue for peace,
And then the war of course will cease,
In the good time coming.
Jeff Davis wants Ben Butler's head,
If he had it, he'd be stronger;
But let him fret, for he must yet
Wait a little longer.

4 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
When all this Copperheaded crew,
Who make such fuss, and such a stew;
In the good time coming.
Through the land from north to south,
They shall exist no longer;
For they 'll find out, without a doubt,
Union ever stronger.

5 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
The stars and stripes again shall fly
Through all the sunny southern sky,
In the good time coming.
Let us aid them all we can,
The weak as well as stronger;
Yes, every woman, every man,
Don't wait any longer.

# THRICE HAIL HAPPY DAY.

*Allegro.*

From the "Vocalist," by permission.

*mf* *p* Stac. *f*

1. Thrice hail, hap-py day, that speak'st our nation's glo - ry! A voice with thee Proclaims "we're free:" Thrice hail, hap - py day.

2. The graves of our brave ones, lau - rels brightly crown them, They fought and died, That we in pride, Might hail freedom's day.

*mf* *p* Stac. *f*

3. Oh, where is the land, In all the wide cre - a - tion, That beams so bright, With freedom's light, On this hap - py day:

4. Come, join in our songs, O all ye sons of free - dom, And wide proclaim Our nation's fame, On this hap - py day.

*p*

Our hills and plains no more are trod By those who wield op - pression's rod—We know no ty - rant's nod: Hail, hail, hap - py day.

Then come ye sons of freedom's throng, And shout their deeds in joyful song: May mem'ry cher - ish long This bright hap - py day.

*p*

That's ev - er sought, and ev - er lov'd By all her free - born sons approv'd, And guarded from a - bove: Then hail, hap - py day.

Break forth in joy my na - tive land, For midst thee dwells a no - ble band; Thy towr's shall ev - er stand: Then hail, hap - py day.

Translated from the German by C. M. CADY.

*Maestoso*

TENOR.

1. Un - til death my love I of - fer, Of - fer thee with heart and hand; All I am and have I prof - fer, Prof-fer

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

2. To thy joy and to thy sor - row, Will my heart re - spon - sive beat, And from each thy sons shall bor-row, Strength thy

CRES. *f*

thee, my na - tive land. Not a - lone with vow at - tend-ing, Not with an-thems sound-ing high, But with brist-ling steel de-

CRES. *f*

foe - men to de - feat. Un - til death my love I of - fer, Of - fer thee with heart and hand; All I am and have I

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

RITARD.

fend - ing, For thee do, or for thee die. But with brist-ling steel de - fend-ing, For thee do, or for thee die.

*ff*

prof - fer, Prof-fer thee, my na - tive land. All I am and have I prof - fer, Prof - fer thee, my na - tive land.

# GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

*Moderato.* From the "HALLELUJAH," by permission

**First Tenor.**

*p*

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right; In a no - ble cause contend - ing, God speed the right.

**Second Tenor.**

2. Be that prayer a - gain re-peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er despair - ing, though defeat-ed, God speed the right.

**First Base.**

*p*

3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th' event nor dan-ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

**Second Base.**

4. Still our on-ward course pursu - ing, God speed the right; Ev - ery foe at length subdu - ing, God speed the right.

*ff* *pp*

Be our zeal in heaven re - cord-ed, With suc-cess on earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we fail in glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.

Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed-ing, In the strength of heaven succeeding, God speed the right, God speed the right.

Truth our cause, whate'er de - lay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the right, God speed the right.

# CONTENTS.


After the Battle....36
A new ballad of Lord Lovell....26
America.... 5
*Battle-Cry of Freedom....20
*Brave Boys are They....42
*Call 'em names, Jeff....14
Clear the Way.... 6
Come rouse up, brave boys....46
English Neutrality....50
Fine old Union Gentleman....51
Flag of the fearless free....13
Freedom and Union....55
God bless our native land, firm may she ever stand....37
God bless our native land, may Heaven's protecting hand....25
God save the Nation.... 8
God save the President....39
God speed the Right....60
Gone to the War....12
*Grafted into the Army....48
*Hail, Columbia....30
Ho! for the Gun-boats, Ho!....40
Jefferson D——, Sir....44
*Kingdom Coming....54
Lord Lovell marched out of New Orleans....39
Men that dare....53
My native country, thee.... 5
*Never forget the dear ones....47
Our Soldiers stand upon the field....28
*O, wrap the flag around me, boys....24
Patriotic Anthem....59
Picking Lint....34
Stand by the President....16
*Stand up for Uncle Sam.... 2
The Battle-Call....41
The Bugle-Call.... 1
The Harp of the Union Band.... 3
*There's a good time coming....56
The Ship of Union....10
The Skedaddle Rangers.... 9
*The Star-Spangled Banner....31
The Union League.... 4
Thrice hail, Happy Day....58
Toll the Bell....23
Uncle Sam's Funeral....38
Unite....37
Watchman, what of the night....52
*We are marching to the field, boys....39
What's the cause of this commotion....32
What's the matter?....18
Where Home is....22

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